

Chariot swung low
in early evening, com-
ing forth to carry her

from Apt 4E, through em-
purpled dust thence to

a place where softest
Mom and Pop await.

Also, beloved Uncle Lou--who,
though brassy-bossy-macho,
loved her so thoroughly she

sobs remembering now. He, so
typically, enters Farting Contest,

bragging how Angels bet-
ting against him'll

lose their shirts! Or feathers...
whichever..